

The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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THE GLORIOUS SPIRIT OF SANTA CLARA SAINT MARY'S

The Little Big Game is indeed a live and healthy creature, annually groaning with growing pains, to the great delectation of both institutions. His surprising phenomenal growth has attracted attention, other than that of its parents, yea, a host of relatives and friends revel in ecstasy because the youngster is doing so well. And why not, this just pride? Hasn't he shown ability and skill in playing as good, if not a better game, than a big boy next door? Verily, students, alumni, and friends of our Little Big Game, we may rejoice and enjoy not only the present performance, but also the future possibilities of our husky youngster. He is with us to stay and getting bigger and better every year.

Catholic institutions, the country over, have ever been to the front in athletics, and if there has ever been a time when Santa Clara and Saint Mary's deserve to be looked up to, as representative colleges of the West, that time is present. This year at the Big Game of these two friendly rivals, we shall see a brand of football which is paramount to any on the Coast. The teams have been working gradually but consistently to be on edge for this great game, until today we see in them the acme of perfection. Young, clean-cut athletes, who are students first, going on the field with a glorious fighting tradition behind them determined to give everything they have for their Alma Mater. That is what makes this annual Big Game such a treat. It is precisely this fighting spirit, coupled with superb coaching, backed by two highly organized and tensely strung rooting sections, which promises to make this year's game overshadow the splendid performances of the past.

Not only is the Big Game of interest to those who dwell within the confines of both institutions. Local supporters are scrambling for the precious "past-boards," and the great demand indicates a capacity crowd Thanksgiving Day. His Reverence, the Archbishop, according to tradition, shall be present. Both Student Bodies have been diligently concocting bleacher stunts and tricks that are not vain—oh, it will be a gala day indeed, at Ewing Field.

So let us hope that when the sun sets Thanksgiving Day upon Ewing Field, its mellow rays shall come down as a benediction upon the glorious spirit of Santa Clara and Saint Mary's. Although it will find all of them hoarse and only half of them happy, they all shall have profited by taking part in this splendid annual fete. Rooters, alumni and friends, let us get behind this Little Big Game, enjoy and boost it, because never has it failed to come through as one of the Biggest Little Games in the Golden West.

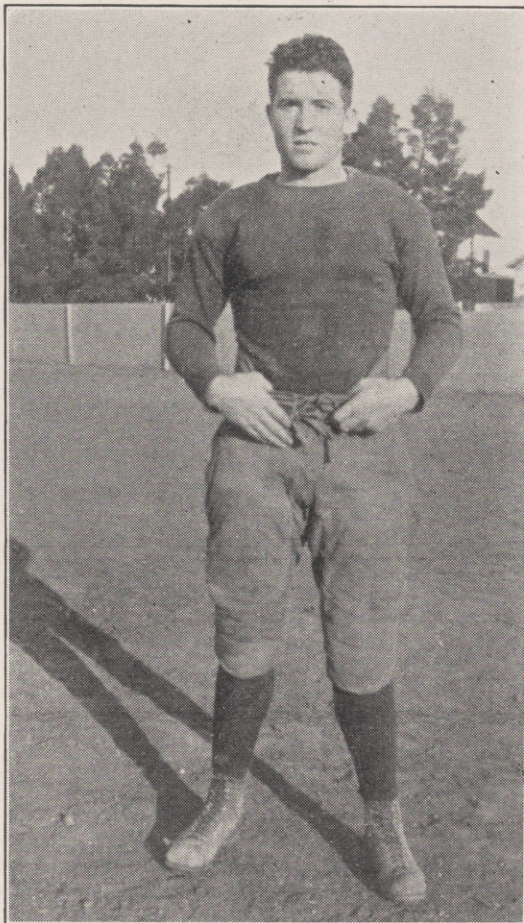
—WILLIAM MARCINIAK '25

THE ANNUAL "PEP" LUNCHEON

"It won't be long now" before the Little-Big Game. The spirit that the Student Body manifests before and at the Santa Clara-Saint Mary's game will, to a great extent determine the final outcome of the fray. It is therefore, not only appropriate, but necessary that the students demonstrate to Coach Madigan and the Varsity the support, that is in reality a debt of honor, due them.

We manifest our college spirit when we participate in the rooting section, but we measure it when we sacrifice for our team. Such an opportunity is offered to every loyal Saint Mary's supporter on Wednesday, November 26. On this day the A. G. P. U. Society will sponsor a luncheon to be held in honor of Coach Madigan and the football team at the Hotel Oakland. Why wait until Thanksgiving Day for your turkey dinner? Be a physique builder. This can be accomplished by your attendance at the luncheon which will insure some player of a place at the table and incidentally a sufficient amount of vitality to put over the winning touchdown on the next day.

This annual luncheon in honor of the football team was inaugurated three years ago by the A. P. G. U. Society which saw the need of some suitable event to show the team the appreciation that the college at large has for its sincere efforts. This function has been so successful that it has become one of the most



CAPTAIN NORMAN STRADER

In 1922, a young red-haired lad of 19 years showed up on the Saint Mary's campus. He had nothing to say for himself, so except for the fact that he was from Modesto, that he would go out for baseball and football, no one knew anything about him. Football began and this young lad played so well that he was made full-back, which position was held by the captain of the Varsity. He made good that year and you must remember it takes the ordinary player a year to learn the Notre Dame shift. When baseball started this young man played behind the bat. He was the first man in a suit and the last one to get dressed. He worked, worked, worked. Consequently he made his baseball letter too.

Why go into further details concerning this man's prowess. Some men are newspaper heroes and some are football heroes. This young fellow is a football hero. He duplicated his first year's accomplishments with marked improvements. He was made captain in his third year. He studied law and made the required ten units for the first semester along with fourteen units for his commercial work. In football, he made nearly a thousand yards this year and he has played against the best teams on the coast. In the California game, he made 120 yards, counting two runs which were called back on account of the team being off side. In another game he made 127 yards in 19 minutes.

In the Nevada game last week the fighting captain made 285 yards. He carried the ball forty-four times for an average of six and one-half yards a play. It is whispered he carried the ball at his own suggestion because he thought his teammates were exhausted owing to the high altitude.

That is the record of Captain Norman Strader.

He is the best full-back on the coast barring none. He is a student and a gentleman. He is captain of one of the best teams in the West. He has been taught football by one of the best coaches on the coast, Edward P. Madigan.

Captain Strader, we are proud of you and your team.

firmly implanted traditions of Saint Mary's. Attendance at the luncheon promises to be the most pleasurable duty of the semester.

We expect you and you and YOU.

HERBERT COPP '25

VALUE OF BEING A "FAN"

Much has been said concerning football. And judging from the great annual increase in the following this sport attracts, vastly much more shall be said. We wonder just why this King of Sports commands pages of valuable newspaper space? Just why do men who profess scholarly dignity, superior intelligence or a keen business acumen, annually become victims of this pleasant malady? Surely there must be something more to command attention than mere capricious movements of twenty-two men and a pigskin.

Looking through the eye of the philosopher we see that the elements of interest in football are most human. We all play in the game of life, consequently we are interested in anything that resembles our life-time struggle. And it is because football resembles the game of life so closely, that it attracts almost universal attention. The predominating interest is the element of struggle—with a possibility of victory. Desire to overcome and crush opposition, emerge triumphant and bathe in the sunshine of glory, is innate in man. Whether on the griddled field at the annual game or in the political chambers on election day, man loves suspense and the thrill that comes with victory. Besides this fundamental interest in the game, we glean from it precious suggestions which will aid us in the battle of life.

Football teaches us to play the game hard and clean—rules are rigid and strictly enforced—foul play, as in life, ever penalized. We are taught to harness brawn with intelligence, making it subservient to our will. Concentration and "heads-up" are ever essential, if we are to grasp the opportunity which if timely taken, will lead us on to fame and victory. Above all, the necessity of judicious, quick, and accurate decisions, is impressed upon us. Football, more than any other sport, teaches us the lessons of unselfishness, of teamwork, of co-operation, and of sincere loyalty to a cause. What can be more true to life? Small wonder then, that football attracts so wide attention. And may not his resemblance to life be the "Open Sesame" to the understanding of the mysterious drawing power of this great sport?

THE TRUE MEANING OF THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving Day is a holiday celebrated only in America. It calls to mind the early history of our country, the trials and the hardships of those early settlers who colonized the Atlantic coast, and their final triumph. God alone knows the miseries they endured. Today we fight for a living and think we are treated shamefully but those pioneers had to fight both for a living and life, and they remained undaunted by hardships. They decided to set aside one day in the year to render thanks to God for His many benefits. The harvest of the fields had been gathered and general provision against the rigors of a New England winter had been made and these simple folk determined that a day of thanks was the best means of showing outwardly their appreciation for God's blessings.

On November 27, throughout the length and breadth of this country, the citizens will gather about their tables to celebrate Thanksgiving Day. How many will think of the significance of the Day. How many will think of Thanksgiving Day merely as Turkey Day. As the steaming turkey is placed on the table, the members of the household will look upon it with an approving eye and will be prone to forget just what the day means. Others with a steadier view of life will bow their heads and in the spirit of the day, give thanks to God for the many benefits of creation.

So, too, for us, this day should be one of thanksgiving for the countless blessings that have been bestowed upon us during the progress of the year. While our minds are filled with the thoughts of a football game, let us not forget Him. We have much to be thankful for now, because ten years from now this Big-Little game will have been forgotten. Win or lose, we owe Him much, so let us resolve to make a better use of those benefits which may be bestowed upon us in the time to come. This done, a loss is not so distressing, a win, more sweet, and the turkey—well—delicious.

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TWENTY-SECOND YEAR

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"THE ROSE CHILD"

"The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close:
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose."

Once there was a beautiful garden and in this garden grew many flowers. For miles and miles it was filled with trees and shrubs, and delicate creations of nature. But as exquisite as was this garden, there was in it only one rose which blossomed only once a year. Lovely was this rose that burst out of its pregnant green foliage to welcome the sun with its diamond-kissed petals, as that great god of fire ascended every morning to kiss gently and awaken the other flowers. But, seemingly all of this garden was discontented. The haughty flowers, the lofty trees and the bushy shrubbery always nodded and waved in the wind, but never did they smile, never did they wish each other happiness, never did they sing or rejoice as did the rose. But alas! Just as the rose was all happiness and made all of the others in the garden envious, so were its days numbered. For only a short time would this waxen petaled cup of love bloom in all its beauty, and then it would die and leave the garden, and with it would go all of the exuberance of sunshine, the loveliness and happiness that it radiated.

Now this garden had never been entered by human being. It had always hidden away from the world by itself and had never known the womanly caress of love nor the boyish grasp of young manhood that loves with a pure heart. And so, when one day a lovely maiden happened to wander into the garden and strolled leisurely under the trees, the garden folk were astonished and marveled. Beautiful was this maiden in her innocence which seemed to burst forth as does the fresh rose from its delicate bud when kissed by the sun. In her beautiful blue eyes that sparkled with a wide-eyed joyousness, telling of something more than LIFE, the rose detected the first traces of love. And, as her graceful soft white hands, delicate as the orchid's tender buds, caressed the new rose or her beautiful black hair whisped against the rose's petals with a cooling pungence of exquisiteness, the rose was filled with new life. Its soul expanded, its face lifted up as if to kiss the beautiful maiden who had inspired new life into its being.

And when she was gone that day, all of the flowers and trees and shrubs of the garden cast envious eyes upon the solemn and lonely rose, who radiated with beauty and happiness the love that it had received from the maiden.

Finally one of the giant cypresses asked— "Little Rose, why did you take all of the love that our maiden bestowed? Why did you not let us have some of it? Already you are the happiest one in this garden—the gods have blessed you and cursed us—. Why did you not leave some of her love for us, that we might be happy too?"

And so did the rest of the flower-children of the garden ask the same question, and so did all of them cast an envious eye upon the Rose.



When Ducky went 80 Yards Through Cal's Line

The Rose answered—"Dear friends, I have not to sing to you, and even before our maiden was born. I know love—you do not. If you did, you would have received her love the same as I, but as yet, you are not lovely enough."

So did the rose answer to the rest of the garden. The others stood in their places grumbling and condemning the rose. Whereupon the rose resolved never to die, but rather to live always as a symbol of the emotion which it represented. And that evening, as the golden-ribboned sky announced the retirement of taken all of our maiden's love. Love cannot be divided. It permeates all, it is all. It is the force that moves men, it is the spirit that makes all things beautiful. It is the master of the world—it is illimitable. I have not taken all of her love. She has bestowed her love in part upon me because I am the symbol of love, I am the vessel by which love is transported to all. No, dear friends, although you accuse me, you do so in vain. You do not understand me because I have existed longer than you. I was brought here before the first birds flew in the skies, before the bees began the sun, the rose entered into a new life, that of love.

Every day the maiden came and caressed the rose. And every day the rose lifted its delicate petal-lips and gently brushed a lingering kiss on the maiden's beautiful hair. One day it even managed to catch a few strands of her beautiful black ringlets in its thorny hands, and held it. The maiden went away and left the rose alone and happy with its treasure.

Then one day the maiden came, but not alone. With her was a handsome youth, one who sparkled with beauty and strength, with virility and manliness. And the maiden was in his arms, and they walked past the rose. Nor did they pay attention to the rose who awaited with expectancy for the charming caress of the maiden's immaculate hands. But the couple did not stop. On they went and were lost amid the other flowers.

And the rose wept bitterly, so bitterly that the tiny ringlet of hair it held in its hand was faintly scented by the perfume of its teardrop.

For many days after that, the maiden did not come again, and each day the rose withered a bit and became old. But still it clung to its only priceless treasure, the little black ringlet of hair.

One day the maiden came back. Beautiful did she seem but in her eyes was a light of sorrow. On her cheeks, tiny pearl-drops stole gently down to fall with a splash on the beautiful flowers. She caressed the rose, and bending over it she gathered it to her bosom which surged with emotion. It was crushed, a tear drop fell upon its fragile body and burned a hole into its heart. Its withered petals once more gathered all of their beauty, but only for a moment, then slowly they wrinkled into misery and pain.

Then the maiden left. Nor did she ever return again to the garden. And the rose died of a broken heart. and on the tiny ringlet of silken black hair that it still clasped in its hand was a tiny drop of blood which bore the ringlet to the ground where it was silently

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THE RED AND BLUE OF SAINT MARY'S

It is a limitation of human beings that, in order to convey an abstract conception, a physical symbol must be substituted. This is very well illustrated in the emblems which all institutions, whether social, religious or state use. To explain fully the exact interpretation of such insignia is very difficult, because we would then be dealing with indefinite and spiritual facts.

This much, however, is characteristic of all emblems; they are created for the purpose of keeping before the eyes of the members the material expression of the mystical body so that they will ever be aware of its actual existence. Such symbols are of various kinds, for example—the Church has the Cross, the nation its flag, societies their badges, and the college its colors.

We all appreciate the divine message of the Cross; we all feel the subtle allegory of the nation's flag, and on a similar, if a lesser scale, we should regard the colors of our college.

As I stated before, every banner or emblem represents some ideal and in the case of a college the combination stands for a number of things.

As students of Saint Mary's we have, or should have, some idea of school spirit. We know that its chief component is spontaneous affection and subsequent loyalty. This force is one of the many things typified in the colors of the school pennant.

This is not all, however, that is depicted there. A great deal of sentimental tradition attaches itself to the banner of every college, which springs from the past, rests in the present and reaches out into the future. Since college colors represent the institution, they take into consideration a great many persons, events and things. Thus emanating from this lifeless material are the ghosts of the past teachers, past pupils, past seasons, in fact everything related with the institution that has gone before. Then there is the living present with its hosts of connections with which we ourselves are familiar. Lastly there is the future which will find its growth in the present and has its roots in the past, and which, therefore, is truly a part of the one great spirit—Alma Mater.

I mentioned before that college colors are sentimental, they are also practical, without them we would lack the necessary object to direct all our thoughts at one and the same time toward a common idea. It also supplies that concrete element which the imperfection of human nature demands and only by which we are able to imply inexpressible but imaginable truths. In the college colors we have something toward which we can show the external regard and reverence to our school which we feel inwardly.

However, we must ever remember that college colors are always subjective and not objective. In themselves they are meaningless as a block of wood. Unless the mind is fertile they cannot impregnate it with the ardor and enthusiasm of enkindled emotion or ex-

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STUDENT BODY MEETING

One of the most enthusiastic meetings of the year was held on Saturday, November 15, for the purpose of arranging a rally for the coming football game with Santa Clara. Everyone from President Dave Wynn to the lowest freshman was filled with spirit of the occasion with the result that details for the rally were speedily settled and a committee appointed to prepare for stunts and entertainment. This year's rally is going to be different—that is the opinion of everyone and this difference will be in favor of the coming rally from present indications.

The students could not hold in their enthusiasm or confine themselves to mere speeches or suggestions, so the meeting ended in yells and cheers for the Varsity. It is a sure sign that the student body is behind the team and before the Big Game the entire College and High School, Alumni and Faculty will be influenced by this concentrated and organized enthusiasm.

THE RED AND BLUE OF SAINT MARY'S

(Continued from page TWO)

cite it to physical action.

Above I spoke of the college colors as typifying love and loyalty, I will now enlarge a little on those virtues. Love and loyalty are synonymous, therefore I will term both under the head of loyalty. This is at the very basis of civilization itself. Without the co-ordinating harmony it infuses in the masses the great work of the world would never have reached such a developed stage. If loyalty is a beautiful and helpful virtue its antithesis is most degrading and scornful. Those who sin against loyalty are the most infamous persons in history—Dante places them at the very base of hell. It can be readily seen then what a great factor loyalty is in the life of a college and how retarding and baneful disloyalty can be.

Although college colors are very important to the school, often they are not realized to their greatest advantage except on some momentous occasion; commonly this is the incident of some conflict on the field of sport.

Saint Mary's college is on the very eve of such an event. Only a few days separate us from our annual game with our ancient rivals—Santa Clara.

Whatever the outcome of the battle may be, one thing is certain, both teams will fight gamely and to the bitter end. In all other contests of the season good playing could be attributed to natural ability and love of the sport, but, here the killing and tireless expenditure of energy, and the fierce and unrelenting fight exhibited by both teams in this annual struggle finds its only explanation in that they feel they are the college—MILITANT. Loyalty and love are their incentive then. They are ready and willing to sacrifice themselves to the cause of their Alma Mater. To them the sight of their school colors acts in the same capacity as does the red rag to a bull. It is a stimulus, as it were, to their lust for blood.

On that great day college colors will be displayed to their greatest advantage. They will be in evidence all through the stands and even on the field of play upon the backs of the combatants. Then they will receive all the respect and acclamation due them because of their significance, and the loving spirit, Alma Mater, hovering above will smile in motherly satisfaction on her faithful and worthy sons.

ROBERT De ANDREWS '28

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of."

—Mort d'Arthur

SACRED HEART COLLEGE CLUB ORGANIZED

A new student society, unique in being the first of its kind at Saint Mary's, was formally organized on Tuesday, November 18. It is the Sacred Heart College Club, and is composed of those Saint Mary's students who are graduates of Sacred Heart College. The primary purpose of this association is to bring the men of Sacred Heart into closer relation with each other in the College, to establish intimate communication between the sister schools, and to uphold the reputation made by Sacred Heart men in past years.

Brother Henry has been chosen Faculty representative and Moderator, and the following officers have been elected: C. Carrol, president; J. Connolly, vice-president; W. Davis, treasurer; and J. Hally, secretary. Brother Henry, by virtue of his past connections with both Sacred Heart and Saint Mary's, possesses a genuine interest in the welfare of both institutions, and with the wide experience he has had with student societies and their peculiar pranks, should prove an adequate leader. Judging too from the type of men in office and from the members themselves, it is a surety that this little club will grow strong and large, and avoid the ridiculous end which befalls so many "college clubs."

Sacred Heart's contribution of students to Saint Mary's has always been good, but never has it been so generous in both quality and quantity as this year. At present there are twenty representatives of the San Francisco school, and it is interesting to mark that fifteen of these are Freshmen. Since no history is complete without names it would be proper here to enumerate them: Messrs. Kidwell, Davis, Arata, Ahlback, Comte, Roddy, Crowley, Boland, Gates, Hally, Sullivan, Regan, MacIntyre, Aikin, Connolly, O'Grady, Carroll, Collins, Murphy, and Pometta.

It is for the primary reason of keeping these men in close touch with each other

that the S. H. C. Club has been formed. In any way whatsoever, the members aim to help one another, and at the beginning of each school term they assume the obligation of welcoming the incoming students and making them feel at home within our brick walls. A more abstract purpose of the Club is to make the two colleges vitally interested in the affairs and successes of the other, and to link them in a common spirit. Another thing which the members are going to attempt, is to dispense information to prospective students concerning the nature, ideals and traditions of Saint Mary's College.

The S. H. C. Club has already demonstrated its vitality by contributing a short act to the Santa Clara Rally on Tuesday, November 25. With the pepper and spirit that now exists in this little organization, plus an incentive to keep it boiling, the S. H. C. should prove a benefit not only to its members, but to Sacred Heart and Saint Mary's College as well.

BIG M SOCIETY

On Monday, November 17, the Big M Society held a meeting to discuss plans for participation in the coming rally. Some great stunts have been planned, and the members are ardently preparing for the big demonstration, hoping to outdo all other stunts on the program. The society is made up of "live wires" and in the way of a warning to other societies and classes, President Grant, who is not inclined to idle conversation, says "We have the brains; now we will prove we have the talent."

In order to work up more enthusiasm in the Saint Mary's-Nevada game, and also to help defray expenses in the society, a pool has been arranged on the game and also on the California-Stanford game. Those taking chances guess the score by quarters and the lucky persons receive \$5.00 for each game. Everyone wants to be able to prove their "I told you so's" and as a result the chances are going fast. The committee in charge of the pools are M. Gardner, A. Kardoza, W. Yore, T. Farrell, M. Biggs and J. Roberts.

Larry Bettencourt received his chance in the U. S. C. game when Ed. Lorrigan was forced to retire on account of his injured ankle, and he came through in whirlwind fashion. Toward the end of the last quarter he virtually saved the game for the Saints by smearing the Trojan backs for losses twice in a row. He also played well in the California Aggie and Nevada games.

Don't forget the luncheon.

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SANTA CLARA-SAINT MARY'S RALLY

The college department is working itself up to a boiling point in preparation for the coming rally next Tuesday evening, Nov. 25. The Varsity this year has fulfilled all expectations and it is in honor of this year's "fighting Irish" that the committee has been working so hard. The committee consists of Dave Wynne, Chairman; L. Bill and L. Da Massa, Seniors, E. Hinkel, A. Kardoza, Juniors; C. Carroll, S. Kelly and B. Keegan, Sophomores; F. McDonald and J. Davis, Freshmen.

This year, owing to the oil station on the Southeast corner of the campus, there will be no bonfire, but the set back instead of disheartening the committee, made them more determined than ever to put on a show that in every sense of the word would do honor to the Varsity and to the College. The entertainment will start in the gymnasium where several acts will be put on by the college classes. There is much rivalry between them and in an effort to outdo each other the stunts promise to be alive with pep and enthusiasm. But this will be but a starter. Talks by Coach Madigan, Captain Strader, last year's captain, Tim Corrigan and Paul Hungerford, who are playing their last year of college football, will lend plenty of pep to the evening and it would be a successful rally if we only had these men to give spirited talks. Besides these men, two or three members of the alumni will give short talks to bring back fond memories and to encourage this year's Varsity.

After the entertainment in the gymnasium the rally will continue on the campus where several tons of fireworks will be set off, as the students serpentine around a huge electric S. M. The rally this year will be different from those of former years but it will have more variety, more punch and more spirit. It is the hope of the committee to work out a definite plan which will be submitted to the student body for their approval so that future rallies will follow the present one. As yet no name has been given to the rally—not because no names have been considered, but because the committee cannot decide which of the many names handed in is the best. Title or no title this rally is going to be a "live wire" from start to finish, and it will give the coming classes something to aim at.

"WE'LL WIN AS EASILY AS THE VARSITY IS GOING TO WIN OVER SANTA CLARA."—Gallagher.

"WE'LL WIN AS EASILY AS THE VARSITY IS GOING TO WIN OVER SANTA CLARA."—McCarthy.

From all indications, the interclass feud this year is going to culminate in the worst battle in the history of the College. When a member of The Collegian staff approached the managers of the respective teams, both used identically the same words, "We'll win as easily as the Varsity is going to win over Santa Clara." The game will take place on the campus grounds, Wednesday, Dec. the third. The managers have announced that their teams are already for the fray, only a few more touches are needed to put the teams in the pink of condition.

Join our 12th Annual Christmas Savings Club NOW. Its convenient classes make its easy to save for Christmas 1925.

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FELIX CUNNINGHAM

Sports



GERALD MARTIN

SAINTS WHIP WOLVES 27 TO 0

Displaying a brand of football that had the spectators sitting on the ends of their seats during the entire game, the Saint Mary's Varsity slashed and tore its way through the Nevada line to a 27 to 0 victory. The win was even more decisive than the score indicates, for through the four quarters the Nevada team only came within scoring range once, and that on a bad pass and a fumble by Saint Mary's, while the Saints made over 600 yards from scrimmage, the backs tearing off end runs and oftackle plays for great gains almost at will.

Red Strader, the best fullback in the country, was by far the outstanding star of the game. The Wolves were dazed and helpless in the face of his attack. Captain Red scored two of the four touchdowns, and gained a total of 285 yards from scrimmage besides breaking up play after play on the defense. This is a record which will probably stand for a long time to come, unless Strader betters it himself.

And when it comes to honors Leo Rooney was not far behind his great leader. He started things off for the Saints by going around right end on a short punt formation play for 35 yards, and from then on during the whole game was consistently making gains of from three to fifteen yards. Jimmie Underhill also played bangup football, but was finally forced to give way to little Bobbie Gannon on account of an injured arm. Gannon distinguished himself by the way in which he returned Harrison's punts and by many long end runs.

Soon after the start of the game the Saints scored on an end run by Jimmie Underhill. Nevada kicked off and Strader returned the ball to the Saint Mary's 18 yard line. Then began a drive down the field, and a few plays later Dutch Conlan, the Saints' field general, received an injury to his bad knee and had to be carried from the field. King took up Conlan's position and handled the team well for the rest of the game.

The second score of the game came

during the second quarter. The ball was brought within scoring distance on a series of end runs and line bucks by Rooney, Underhill and Strader. From here King threw one of his left handed forward passes to O'Rourke across the line.

The final scores came during the second half and were the result of some terrific plunging on the part of Captain Red Strader.

In reality this is the worst beating inflicted on Charley Erb's fighting Wolves this season. California defeated them by the same score, but when one takes into consideration the fact that the Saints went up to Reno and played in the unusual climate their victory is only emphasized the more. We would strongly urge the football experts on the Pacific Coast to wake up and begin to give the Saint Mary's team at least a part of the credit which is its due.

VARSITY WINS FROM CALIFORNIA AGGIES

After playing somewhat ragged football during the first half the Saint Mary's Varsity came back in the second part of the game and scored 35 points to win out over the California Aggies by a score of 42 to 6. Madigan started many of the players from his second string, and the Saints were only able to smash their way through the Aggie defense for one touchdown in the first half. However, Sparky Farrell, substituting for Catain Red Strader at fullback, proved to be a remarkable find. This was practically Sparky's first chance in the two years to get in and show what he could do. But he left no doubt in the minds of the Coach and the spectators as to the degree of his ability. In fact, many of those in attendance mistook him for the plunging Strader. Sparky fought from the very first whistle, and tearing off consistent gains of from five to twenty yards the whole time he was in there.

Leo Rooney took up the duties and responsibilities connected with Ducky Grant's position at left halfback, and performed in an admirable manner. His

punts were long and high, his passes accurate, and he was a sure ground gainer at any time.

The start of the second half found Conlan, Strader, and Lorrigan in the game, and from then on the affair degenerated into a washout. Strader played nineteen minutes and in that time gained 127 yards from scrimmage. At one time Saint Mary's had the ball on their own 30 yard line, from whence Red was given the oval seven times in a row, and he carried it over for a touchdown; an average of 10 yards a buck. Bring on your All-Coast team! There is not an eleven in the country that can stop that Titian-haired stick of dynamite.

During the fourth quarter Madigan sent in a whole squad of reserves, but the battered Aggie team was unable to check the slashing attack started by the regulars and two more scores resulted. One of these was made by Paul Hungerford who recovered a blocked punt near the Aggie goal line. He went into the backfield and carried the ball over on the next play. Dutch Conlan kicked goal.

135'S WIN FOOTBALL GAME

On Sunday morning, November 16, Mickey Gallagher's fighting Irish conquered a lightweight football team from Berkeley High by the score of 9 to 0. The game was interesting and well fought, the young Saints showing plenty of good football. They were on their toes from the very first of the game until the final whistle, bucking, passing, and watching out for trick plays when they were not in possession of the ball. The opponents were much the heavier team, but the fight of the 135's made them far superior to the Berkeley boys.

Six of the nine points were scored by Champion, the 35's husky fullback, who took the oval over the line after a few line plays and passes. Marshall made the goal for an extra point. The Saint's other two points were scored when a young man on Berkeley's team became nervous and dropped the ball behind his own goal line. He managed to fall on it just before an avalanche of Saint Mary's players downed him for a touch-back.

The following men played in the game: Captain Strech, Costello, McBride, Burns, Champion, Kendall, Marshall, Healy, Weinwright Fontana, Pierovich, Loeffler, O'Keefe and Wall.

B. HARTLEY, Prep.

John Scarlett has proved himself to be one of the best ends on the team. He alternates as substitute for both Collins and O'Rourke, and gives a splendid account of himself in either position. John has a quick-thinking football head and Coach Madigan is delighted with the showing he has made in his first year.

Punts and Passes

"Keep Your Eye on the Saints"

We are now eagerly awaiting the fray with the Santa Clara Varsity on Thanksgiving Day. The team has had a very hard schedule and the men show the marks of many terrific battles, but the indomitable fighting spirit instilled by Coach Slip Madigan is surging within them, and they can hardly wait for the Referee's whistle to start them off on Thursday. They are going on the field to give all they have to give the season a fitting end by beating the Broncs, and it only remains for every loyal Saint Mary's supporter to get in and back them with every last ounce of fight that they can muster. So let's go, gang! Let's GO!

* * * *

Red Strader, the non-assuming and modest leader of the Saint Mary's Varsity, has gone through opposing teams so far this season for a mere matter of 1200 yards exactly. And he has played against most of the best teams on the Pacific Coast. Let some of the other aspirants for an All-Coast position tie that!

* * * *

Sparky Farrell showed his admirers as well as many more who knew little about him that he is second only to Red Strader when it comes to smashing through the line. In the California Aggie game Sparky was the whole team during the first half. He tore off gain after gain through the line, and when he got out into the open he used steps that would do credit to Red Grange himself. In scrimmage Sparky has proved himself to be one of the best defensive players on the squad, and we are certainly glad to see him make good.

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Sports



ALBERT FARRELL

SANTA CLARA MUST NOT BE TAKEN AS A JOKE

We may almost draw a perfect analogy between the circumstances which now attend the coming game with Santa Clara and those which prevailed at the same time last year. And to speak in the pleasantest language, Saint Mary's has not as yet won the game by a long shot. The men at Santa Clara realize, just as they did in 1923, that the odds are overwhelmingly against them. They are willing to concede this fact, and beyond this will say nothing. But deep down in their hearts there is a dogged determination to overcome these odds at all costs, and hence they will go onto the field on Thanksgiving Day like trapped rattlesnakes, ready to turn and strike a fatal blow. We should therefore have the same fear and respect for them that we would have for such a snake, we must face them with an even greater degree of intense determination, and we must fight them to the last ditch with every bit of the strength within us.

Now we cannot expect the team to do all these things themselves. They need the help of the Student Body, and the Student Body needs the help of each individual member. There is a most unfortunate attitude existing in the minds of many of the students about the campus. Instead of getting behind the team and backing it as one of the best on the coast, they express a sort of pleasant, though almost shocking surprise at the victory over U. S. C., they fear that if we were to play California today we would lose by three touchdowns, and then if the team does not run away with Santa Clara they will be just the ones who will be so awfully disappointed and put out. As far as getting in and pushing the team along is concerned their attitude is damnably passive and their support is nil. Why such a state of affairs should exist, (some will not admit that it does) we will not attempt to explain. Suffice it to say that one has not to go far to find this spirit,

and if it is not eradicated last year's history has a mighty sweet chance of repeating itself.

So let us all take Captain Red Strader as a model and try to emulate his fighting spirit. If any man, and any football team ever deserved the wholehearted support of the Student Body which is supposed to be behind them, Red Strader and the Saint Mary's Varsity surely do this year. They have a record behind them which any coach might envy. Strader is the best fullback on the coast by far, he is an ideal captain, and the team which he leads is made up of the highest type of clean cut young men who know how to play football. Are we, then, going to sit back and let poorly informed newspaper writers make odious comparisons and call our team a "cocky outfit" without getting in and even making a worthwhile attempt to show the world that the Saint Mary's Varsity is one of the best on the coast? We should hope not; we had the fight in 1922, we lacked it in 1923, but with the Grace of the Creator we will not lack it this year. Let every Saint Mary's man arouse his blood to the boiling point, get himself fighting mad, and we will go onto Ewing field next Thursday ready to back Red Strader and his Varsity so that they will virtually tear that Bronco team to shreds. Let's go, gang!

Next Thursday Tim Corrigan and Paul Hungerford go on the field to play their last game for old Saint Mary's. During the past four years these two men have done nobly in upholding the athletic and student traditions of their Alma Mater, and they are entering the game determined to play harder and better than at any time in their careers. Good luck, Tim and Paul, it is with the deepest feelings of gratitude and regret that we see you go.

Subscribe for the Collegian

Don't forget the luncheon.

SANTA CLARA VERSUS ST. MARY'S THANKSGIVING 1924

The annual onslaught of the Red and White on the Red and Blue, and vice versa, will be celebrated in the year 1924 on Thanksgiving Day at Ewing Field. Naturally, all parties in both institutions are aware of this, so we shall proceed.

In past years these two Catholic Colleges have battled to the following scores, St. Mary's winning three games and Santa Clara four:

1896 S. C. 44; S. M. 0.
1898 S. C. 54; S. M. 0.
1809 S. M. 5; S. C. 0.
1910 S. C. 7; S. M. 4.
1811 S. M. 5; S. C. 3.
1922 S. M. 9; S. C. 7.
1923 S. C. 10; S. M. 9.

In practically every one of the above games, the under-dog, for some unaccountable reason, has always managed to scramble out on top. In 1922 St. Mary's and Santa Clara resumed athletic relations on the football field after a lapse of eleven years. That year, Santa Clara was figured by all available dope to be three touchdowns better than her rival. The next year, the so-called "dope" was again upset.

Saint Mary's was considered 30 points better, but nevertheless, came out on the small end of a 10-9 score. These two instances are typical of the value of dope, or rather, the lack of its value, in the yearly tussle between St. Mary's and Santa Clara. Who knows but that the table may again be turned?

There is not a shadow of a doubt that from past experiences this season St. Mary's apparently has the superior eleven. She beat U. S. C. to the tune of 14-10 on the latter institution's own grounds. Truly an enviable achievement when it is considered that California was tried to the utmost to defeat the same eleven. But from a Santa Clara viewpoint, one circumstance might have been overlooked. The University of Southern California, by her defeat at the hands of California, immediately

followed by the severance of athletic relations, was broken in spirit and morale to some extent. However, more power to Saint Mary's! We hope they trim every team on the coast, with the exception of the Broncos.

Both teams seem to be in top physical and mental shape. In the Bronco line-up, the only man likely to be missed is Connie Storm, a rather spectacular performing end. He has been out of the game for the past six weeks, due to a broken leg. All the others will be out for blood on November 27th. "Ducky" Grant, of the Red and Blue, seems to be in bad shape, but undoubtedly the balance of the team will furnish plenty of fight.

In the backfield, Santa Clara has four good men: Capt. Fawke, Casanova, Babcock, and Bundy. "Moose," "Bab," and "Hal" Bunday are reliable for a couple of yards or better every time they buck the line. All "Gas" has to do at quarter is handle the team for fifty or sixty minutes, and kick 60 yard spirals. Outside of these, he has nothing else to do.

Taken all in all, it is the old story when the Santa Clara-Saint Mary's game comes around each year. One team is conceded by the newspapers and general public to be superior to the other. Both teams fight light wildcats, and the fray is anybody's ball game until the final gun goes off.

GEORGE J. FOSDYKE,
Sporting Editor of the Santa Clara.

135'S WIN ANOTHER

While the Varsity was down South, the 135's were beating a team from Berkeley by a score of 44 to 0, on Saint Mary's gridiron. Young, Burns, Wall, Fontana, Catatin Stretch and Alameda played consistent football. Coach Gallagher is well satisfied with the showing of his team.

Don't miss the A. P. G. U. luncheon at Hotel Oakland, 12:15.

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On and Off the Campus

HERBERT COPP

ORCHESTRA PLAYS AS PART OF AMERICAN LEGION ENTERTAINMENT

Last Tuesday evening, November 11th, Saint Mary's College Orchestra was asked to play as part of an American Legion Entertainment at the Oakland Auditorium. Mr. Souza, a former graduate of Saint Mary's and also a member of the American Legion, was in full charge of the program. The musicians were applauded heartily by the members of the Legion.

The members of the orchestra who played were; B. Dobbins, piano; H. Bertain and A. Porter, saxophones; H. Le Mar, cornet; R. Hartley and H. Hinkle, violins; T. Joyce, drums; Professor Theil, director.

—R. HARTLEY

ALUMNI MASS FOR LATE JUDGE DOOLING

In order to give the Alumni of Saint Mary's College and the many friends of the late Judge Dooling an opportunity to offer the highest possible tribute to the esteemed jurist, a solemn requiem Mass was offered at Saint Mary's Paulist Church on Tuesday morning, November 11, at 10 o'clock. Judge Dooling was graduated from Saint Mary's with the class of 1881.

PREPS ROMP AWAY WITH NAPA GAME

The Saint Mary's Preps continued to show remarkable improvement over their early season work when they defeated the Napa High School 31 to 0 in a preliminary to the Varsity - California Aggie game. They started with the kickoff and began to pile up a large score on the Napa team.

Smith and Illia showed up particularly well. Smith by his long end runs and Illia by his line smashing tactics. Ryan also distinguished himself when he tore off a 40 yard run for a touchdown.

Toward the end of the game Napa threatened the Preps' goal with a series of long passes, but these were broken up before any real damage was done.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with deep regret that we hear of the death of the father of James Collins, '27. We extend our most heartfelt sympathy to our fellow student for the loss of his beloved parent. May his soul rest in peace.

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FATHER STORFF'S GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATED

Father Hugolinus Storff, O. F. M., celebrated his Golden Jubilee last Wednesday. Father Storff received the religious habit of Saint Francis on November 4, 1874. A Solemn High Mass was said in his honor in Saint Elizabeth's Church, Oakland and His Grace the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, preached the sermon. At the present time, Father Storff is Father Guardian in the Franciscan Monastery in Fruitvale.

Father Storff has given lectures every Wednesday at eleven o'clock to the students of Saint Mary's College for the last two years. His talks have been interesting and instructive. The College wishes Father every happiness, and that he may continue his good work for many more years.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Every day at 12:30 in the gymnasium the rooting section is going through yell practice. But in this as well as in every other walk of life you find certain men who are lax in performing their duty. This should not be the case in the High School. The students should regard it as their duty and privilege to be in that rooting section. Perfection cannot be attained without practice and this is the reason why so much stress is laid on daily practice.

If any High School student is not performing his duty in this regard he should start immediately to realize the fact that he is being missed in the rooting section. Again, if we know of anyone who is purposely remaining away from practice we should force him to attend, for after all we know the character in us by the way in which we support our team. Let everyone attend yell practice and be in the rooting section at all games to show the Varsity that we appreciate their work for the school.

—TATLER

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SECRET SOCIETIES

In Italy there is a secret society which is feared by the majority of the populace. Some of the atrocities committed, remind one of days of Spanish dungeons and some of the crude methods employed by gangsters in riding their territory of their rivals. Now in dear old Saint Mary's there is a secret society being organized and lead by a quiet and genial character, but as the old saying goes, still water runs deep. We wonder just what this person is planning on doing. The rest of his faithful followers, whenever they pass each other, raise four fingers, placing the thumb on the palm of the hand. Then the other member returns the salutation, a smile ensues, but no words are spoken. Many men around the campus have been approached but few have joined. The lesser intellectual type of student has fallen for this new leader and are joining without first acquainting themselves with the real meaning of the society. The leader, by the way, comes from a small village on the outskirts of Palo Alto, and in a recent election of this small town, five citizens voted. One was part white, the other four were from an island where the cherry blossoms prevail.

BROTHER RALPH VISITS BAY CITY PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

Brother Ralph has been spending the past week visiting various parochial schools, with the purpose of arousing interest in the Big Game. To his astonishment, he has found that even in the lower grades there exists a surprising spirit supporting Saint Mary's Varsity. Brother Ralph reports that these young men are anxiously looking forward to the day when they may carry the pig skin across our opponent's goal line.

Don't miss the A. P. G. U. luncheon at Hotel Oakland, 12:15.

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ARCHBISHOP HANNA TO BE PRESIDENT AT BIG GAME

High Mass will be celebrated Thanksgiving Day at Saint Mary's Paulist Church at 10 o'clock, with Archbishop Hanna officiating. Father Mallen, the director, has invited many of the notables of San Francisco. The Reverend Father has also extended an invitation to Saint Mary's and Santa Clara Varsities. Plans are under way to have as many students as possible present to show the team and others that the student body is behind the squad in every respect.

Archbishop Hanna, according to precedent, consented to be present at the annual Big Game that afternoon. In doing so he reveals genuine interest in clean sports, showing that the duties and interests of high ecclesiastics, do not center altogether on the pulpit.

NOVENA IN HONOR OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

To fan and enkindle the flame of love and devotion, a three day Novena was given in honor of the Little Flower commencing Nov. 17. The daily communicant move, started by the Blessed Sacrament Society, has been placed under her care. Certainly no worthier end could be found to strive for. Among the many things that we can look back upon as having obtained during our short stay at college, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament will be among the most beneficial.

Homer Hicks is another comer who showed up well in the U. S. C. game. This lad is big and powerful and with the experience he has gained this year he will be hard to stop next season.

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Books



LOUIS DA MASSA

CONSIDERATION OF THE "BEST SELLER"

In almost any large paper one can find a list of the week's "best sellers." This list is compiled from the sales records of all the book dealers of the community and can usually be considered a reliable guide in the matter of indicating the reading taste of the majority of people. An examination of the books named in this list leaves one with a thought in his mind that the popular taste is most certainly not in conformance with the discriminating taste of those who know the better things in life. It is noticeable also, that the list printed today is almost an entirely different list from the one printed six months ago, and, as history repeats itself in these matters, we may be sure that very few, if any of the books named today will appear in the "best seller" column six months from now. All these considerations lead us to believe that the worth of a book can not be measured by the number of volumes sold. They also give us a key to the worth of the works appearing in this list. They tell us that these books are, for the most part, shallow, transitory, ephemeral, attractive, but of little intrinsic worth. But while we must not come to believe that a book's appearance among the "best sellers" is its recommendation, at the same time, we must not condemn all as worthless. It occasionally happens that a book of real merit strikes the public's fancy.

In general though, the "best seller" is for the passing whim of the person who demands nothing of a book beyond entertainment of the more frivolous sort. The matter requires little intelligence to understand, being of a shallow and inconsequential nature. A book can be of very negligible educational value and still be very popular. As long as the situations it presents can hold the interest of the reader, the book will be well received. The style of the author is of little moment, if he can present a fairly clear picture of the scene he endeavors to portray; if he can keep the fact that he is telling the story, out of the mind of the reader, his style will be proclaimed as "remarkably clear, forceful and entertaining." Talent is required, to be sure, but it need not be extraordinary in order to please the average person.

We see then, that the first requisite of the "best seller" is that it affords good pastime and that it need not be a work of lasting importance. A "best seller" is a book that interests the greatest number of people at the present moment and it would seem useless to try to ascertain the real reason for its popularity, for the moment one does arrive at the proper analysis of the public's taste, the public changes its standards and one must begin all over again. Suffice it is to say that the "best seller" might well be compared to the popular songs; both are written to engage the passing fancy of the multitude; neither one claims any pretension of being a lasting work of art; both are written primarily for the money the people are willing to pay for transitory entertainment.

—RICHARD MAHER '27

"Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind

And therefore, is wing'd Cupid painted blind."

—A Midsummer Night's Dream.

DO RELIGIOUS SPURN LIFE?

"Monks and Priests and Sisters are folk, leading strange lives, unless you pass beyond the cloister door and read the riddle's solving by the light of the Sanctuary Lamp." We sometimes misunderstand religious folk because we cannot assume their point of view. The big secret of their "strange" lives is love—the most noble love of all, that which brings them to the little holy Tabernacle. They did not "spurn God's open places because they saw no light there; the sweets of earth had not become sour for them; no ugly blight had touched fair nature so that they fled lest they be tainted by the noisome air." These are not the motives of religious in leaving the world. Their reason is a positive love of God, and because it is positive, they find real happiness.

Father P. Le Buffe, S. J., presents the preceding thought in his beautiful preface to a volume of "Communion Devotions for Religious" compiled by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Cleveland, Ohio. It is an adequate article because it interests us in the contents of the book. Devotions to be said before and after Holy Communion on the various feasts of the year, upon special occasions, in honor of certain saints, and in petition for special favors comprises the treasure of this distinctive work. It is distinctive in that it is not like the majority of Communion devotions. It is not a series of flowery speeches, intended well, but woefully lacking in convincingness, which we find in most prayer books. The prayers are real prayers—devotions that have the power of moving one's soul to contrition and love, devotions that are sincere and virile. They are prayers for big, strong, noble men—the kind God loves.

Sisters of Notre Dame, Cleveland, O. KHL ("Communion Devotions for Religious" Sisters of Notre Dame, Cleveland, Benziger Bros., New York, 1924. Price \$2.75.) —LOUIS V. POMETTA '26

THE ROSE CHILD

(Continued from page two)

covered with the once beautiful petals of the dead rose.

And all of the garden looked at their dead companion, and all laughed. Nor did they pity the withered rose which at one time had given them much joy.

"Ah," they said, "The rose boasted of love, but found it not. Only for a short time did love enter within it. Love is foolish and changing, it is useless and dangerous. We shall never love—it means destruction."

And so they lived forever, unhappy, dissatisfied, gloomy and muttering against each other, while the rose reposed in gentle rest, guarding its only treasure of love—and was forgotten.

—GEORGE PALMER '26.

Don't miss the A. P. G. U. luncheon at Hotel Oakland, 12:15.

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A Criticism of "The Hound of Heaven," based on Father Le Buffe's Interpretation.

Father Le Buffe's little volume is offered as an ascetical and scriptural interpretation of the "Hound of Heaven." He does not go into the literary question of the clarification of obscure passages, and giving to all passages the atmosphere required for them from Sacred Scripture and standard ascetical principles.

Father Le Buffe claims that the one outstanding and outdistancing fact in the history of mankind is the ever insistent love of God. Man is given this great world as a home, and is made its rational lord. He is to enjoy it without labor, reaping where he has not sown. And in the face of these facts, man has made, and is making, away from God. Yet God always pursues him and brings him back.

Keeping close to the Scriptures the author traces this long pursuit through

all the ages, the pursuit of the whole of mankind and of the Jewish race in particular, and he shows that it is but a larger manifestation of God's way with each individual soul. And it is the endeavor of the soul to make away from God and God's pursuit that forms the theme of "The Hound of Heaven."

Thompson tells the whole story as it should be told. He shows that sorrow and pain and disappointment are sent by God for one's good, and when they are recognized as so sent, they lead the soul back to God's welcoming arms. "It is a strong grace from God when we can see all our trials come upon us because He wills it so, that they are all 'shade of His hand outstretched caressingly,' a blessed hour when with true humility we recognize and admit our waywardness and yield—and then hear the welcome: "Rise, clasp my hand and come."

Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" is a work of art, it is a thing of beauty. It is a work each line of which contains much food for thought. Hence the oftener it is read, the better it will be understood.

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RT. REV. MSGR. E. P. DEMPSEY

On Sunday, Nov. 9, at one of the most impressive religious ceremonies ever held in Oakland, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Edward P. Dempsey was installed as the irremovable rector of the church of St. Francis de Sales and was invested with the robes of a Domestic Prelate of His Holiness Pope Pius XI. The Most Rev. Archbishop Hanna officiated at the ceremonies and he also delivered the sermon. Rt. Rev. Bishop P. J. Keane of Sacramento celebrated the Pontifical Mass.

Monsignor Dempsey was a former student of St. Mary's College, graduat-

ing with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1887. For the past 20 years he has been pastor of St. Mary's Church in Oakland. While in this position he made many friends who regret to see him leave his old parish.

ALUMNI DINNER DANCE

On the evening of Wednesday, November 26, the Saint Mary's College Alumni Association will hold a dinner dance and rally in the Whitcomb Hotel. Something new will be started this year. For the last forty years it has been the custom to have only men at these affairs. This year this old tradition will be broken for ladies will be present at the festivities.

An enjoyable program is being prepared for this important event. The committee in charge is made up of the following members of the Alumni: John L. Flynn, '01, Chairman, William J. Fitzgerald, '05, James M. Smith, '10, John W. Collins, '20, George P. Miller, '12, and Daniel E. Doran, '12.

REV. P. T. COLLOPY

On Sunday, Nov. 16, St. Francis De Asissi Church in San Francisco, was the scene of the duplex jubilee, the diamond of the church, and the silver of the pastor, Rev. Patrick T. Collopy. Most Rev. Archbishop Hanna officiated at the ceremonies.

Father Collopy graduated from Saint Mary's College in 1894, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. After being ordained he spent several years as professor of Theology at St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo, California.

ALUMNI We Need Your Subscription

To the Editor of the Collegian,

St. Mary's College, Oakland California:

Enclosed please find \$2.00 for one year's Subscription to the Collegian.

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Humor

DAVID WYNNE

First Ebony: "Say, look out niggah; I'se tough—where ah comes from dey calls me wood alcohol."

Second Chocolate: "Dat ain't nothing—where ah's from dey'd call you milk shake."

A man had wired his fellow politician to meet him at a certain town. The recipient feared the interview and wanted to avoid it. Taking advantage of the rains, he wired back:

"Sorry, I can not come. Washout on line."

The former wired back immediately: "Don't mind a little think like that. Buy a new shirt and come on."

The tightest man in the world is the Scotchman who shot off a pistol outside his house on Christmas Eve and then came in and told the children that Santa Claus had committed suicide.

The A. P. G. U. members remind us of hungry fish:—anxious for de-bait. You can see that right off the reel when you listen to their line. All they need is a leader.

And talking about fish; listen to this one Frosh:

Consider the Fish;
As long as it keeps its mouth shut,
It is not caught.

COMMUNICATION

Dear Frank:

I just got out of the infirmary after spending the week end there. I thought I had toe main poison but it was merely a billious attack. I was eating at the table three days ago when I noticed a fly crawling around in my soup. I went to throw it out but one of the seniors told me that I would have to get used to eating flies. Yes, I ate it, and I am now resting after my tour through the infirmary. It cost \$2 a day in the "pest house" which means that I won't be able to go home for Christmas.

Yesterday I was invited out for dinner. I made many mistakes in etiquette due to my training on the Notre Dame "feed counters." As soon as I sat down I forgot myself and said, "Meat to the left, soup to the right, don't hold up the parade, pass the oleomargarine." They passed around something called finger bowls, after dinner to wash your hands, but I didn't use mine because I didn't have any soap along.

Brother, to little boy: "What will you do, my boy, when you are as big as Jack Rice?"

Little boy: "Diet."

* * * *

"It was a recital of Scottish song, and a fruity contralto was wallowing in 'Annie Laurie.' A front-row member of the audience noticed that his next-seat neighbor was visibly weeping. 'Mon,' he whispered 'I can see you're a guid Scot like mysel'. 'No,' came the plaintive reply, 'I'm a musician.' "

* * * *

Cultured Little Girl: "What kind of animal is that mother?"

Mother: "Just a common ground squirrel."

C. L. G.: "Really; should I notice it?"

* * * *

Big fleas have little fleas—
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
Little fleas have smaller fleas—
And so on ad infinitum.

* * * *

Prof.: "Where do both ends meet?"

Ducky: "At the knees of the man who catches one of Rooney's long punts."

* * * *

A fair one asked us why James Underhill had such a mean disposition; she said she heard he was always kicking.

The meals are wonderful here, I began investigating and a fellow on the inside told me that they were constructing four new buildings here on the profit that they make off the meals. They read the mail off every night in the recreation room. Brownson Hall's mail list sounds like the roll call of a foreign peace delegation. Once in a while they read off a familiar name such as Charlemagne.

The football team met Cardinal Hayes while it was in the East. I don't suppose he knows I am back here because he never asked for me. Some guy tried to charge me for pew rent yesterday but I told him, "You can't fool me kid, I'm from the West where the men are men and the women stay at home."

Give my regards to the boys and also to the faculty, because I know they missed me in the examinations. Maybe that is why the professors walk out of the rooms now. Your pal

BERNIE ABROTT

"An old stall," muttered the horse as the groom backed him into the stable.

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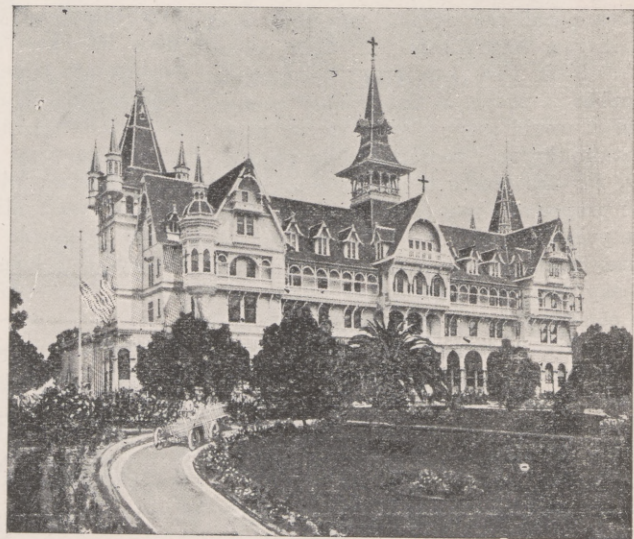
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